

Laura Green. 1 July 1839.

My dear Caroline,

I have just finished my newspaper work, and have a little time to write to you. In the first place, I sent your two trunks by the Brunswick this morning, addressed to your uncle, with this addition - "to be forwarded from Portsmouth by canal." I opened the sea chest to put in the T ruler, the parallel ruler, and a volume (Terence) belonging to your uncle. It opened easily, but it defied our power to lock it again; so I put the key within it, and had it very well corded.

You kept me a long time waiting to hear you had begun your probationer. I am glad to hear you are content with it. If you have the true spirit of perseverance, you will become more and more content with it. Wightwick still insists upon it you will be a great man. Now to answer your questions.

The Howells are in Somersetshire, and will visit Plymouth before their departure for France. I am not going to London; but I have some thoughts of visiting Midhurst, after your return from London. Lizzy and I go on remarkably well. The world, thank you, wags



on very well with me, — not so my right hand, which I lately sprained in over gardening, and it is worse at this moment just after writing a long Article. It shall be sent to you. There is an odd notice also of mine (a second one) on the Circus here. I cannot write a word more than "remembrance" to your uncle this time.

Leave all books for me with T. Richards, and tell him I expect his visit as promised. Ask Ellen S. — if she has remitted that money; I have been plagued about it. Ask if there is a charge for the Index to the Examiner. Ask Mr. Caton, Mr. Stynes's brother-in-law, with my best compliments, what that liquid <sup>poison</sup> was which he gave me, when at Clement's Inn, to kill flies withall. May's son is already somewhat promoted, and he is likely to be more so soon. Remind your uncle of those favourite shells promised to me.

There is just arrived, I know not who, a neighbour, with a wife, next door.

My strawberries are now full of fruit, because I had grubbed up so many useless apple-trees. My Spurrevernia was in such a



propulsion of blossom, that I sent it as a good  
show to the Horticultural Exhibition. Wanting  
you, I kept a cat; a very well behaved young  
gentleman, for I have - or at least a butcher  
has - prevented him from following any  
disgraceful intrigues by day or night; a  
simple operation, at which he afterwards  
looked no more than highly offended, and he  
<sup>or it</sup> was playing about the garden an hour after.

Remembers me to all friends in London.

Your affectionate father,

Wm. Brown.



11  
Mr. Caroline B. Boardman,  
Sandwich Cottage,  
Madison.

C. C.

1873  
JAN 10  
P. M.

1873  
JAN 10  
P. M.



My dear son,

Received your letter of the 10th

and was glad to hear from you

and to hear that you were well

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city

and that you were in the city



11  
1891  
L. J. ...  
...